

## **I'm Walking With You (Is This Anything Like What You're Used To?) by fillmoredawn**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Friendship, Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., Max M., Mike W.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-01-16 11:08:43

**Updated:** 2018-01-16 11:08:43

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 00:19:05

**Rating:** K

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 807

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Mike walks El to class every single day, even if it means he's going to be late to his own.

## I'm Walking With You (Is This Anything Like What You're Used To?)

"No!" El squealed when she saw Mike making his way down the hallway to her locker. "No! Not again!"

"What do you mean, not again?" Mike asked, scooping her up and planting a kiss on her cheek. "Every day, every class, all of high school."

"You *cannot* be late to every class for all of high school," Eleven said, shoving Mike once he'd set her down. "Nancy will murder me if your grades drop and I'm the reason why."

"Alright, just today," Mike compromised, leaning with one arm up against the locker beside El's, unaware just how well he was pulling off the cool-guy Look. Secretly, El had a sketch of the Mike Lean that Will had drawn for her in a shoebox under her bed. She blushed a little every time she thought of it. "Just today... and tomorrow," Mike was saying. "And *maybe* the day after that. *Maybe*."

"We'll see," El said, cheeks dimpling with her grin. She pulled her last book out of her locker and shut the dark blue metal with a slam.

"Let me take those," Mike said, already pulling the books from El's full arms. She let him take them, just like she did after every class. He pressed a kiss to the spot above her ear, tucked her books under one arm, and took her hand. They set out down the hallway, Mike looking ahead to make sure they didn't collide with anything (again) and El scanning Mike's face with her eyes. She had to tilt her chin up to look at him.

"When did you get so tall, Wheeler?" she murmured, and bit her lip. "Did I look away for a minute and you took the opportunity to sprout?"

"Just goes to show," Mike said, navigating them down a new hallway to avoid a trio of bullies that were always harassing Mike and El after school, "That you can't take your eyes off me for one minute."

"I guess not," El said, giving Mike's hand a squeeze. She hiked her backpack up higher on her shoulders, the bag light without her books inside. "But why would I ever want to?"

Mike laughed, high and warm, and led her down a new corridor.

"Well, here we are, Ms. Jane Hopper," he said, parodying the teachers and students who thought "El" was a special nickname reserved for Mike and close friends. "Have an excellent English class."

"I will," El said. She gave his hand one last squeeze and pulled her books out from under his arm. "And you don't be late to math," she added, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"I won't," Mike promised, even though they both knew there was no way he would make it. He bent down and pressed his lips to hers. For both of them, for a moment, the world around them stilled, no teachers shouting down the hallway at students, none of their peers sprinting to class. Just the two of them.

For a moment. Then, El pulled away, Mike following for an instant and then allowing her to go with a sigh. They didn't want detention for PDA (also, again).

"I love you, El," he said, pressing one last kiss onto her cheek.

"I love you too," she said, smiling. His face split into a grin, and then he turned and took off at a sprint towards math class. El took one step backwards, so she would be inside the classroom when the bell rang, and watched him run.

"Pretty," she whispered to herself, then shook her head when he skidded around a corner as the bell rang. Late for class again.

El turned to go to her desk and saw Max in the next desk over watching her and smirking.

"Worth it?" Max asked, flipping open her notebook for class.

"Worth it," El confirmed, and dropped her books on the desk before sliding into the seat. The teacher had already begun to talk, but El's eyes were fixed on the door, where she knew Mike would be waiting.

for her at the end of the period.

Waiting for his girlfriend. And she'd be waiting for him.

***A/N: Inspired by a high school Mileven tumblr post by janewheeler. Fantastic Stranger Things blog, so if you're on tumblr you should definitely give her a follow! The part of her post that inspired this fic was: "mike always walks el to class even if that means he's going to be late to his own because he likes holding her hand and carrying her books for her"***

***Like what you see here? I'm on tumblr (save-will-byers), twitter (fillmoredawn), and ao3 (fillmoredawn).***

***Please review! It's what makes writing fics worthwhile. If you're interested in receiving a picture of my dog, Kirk, please specify in your review and I will PM you to get that to you. Thanks!***